

## between cherry and lime

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## between cherry and lime

by [offday](#)

### Summary

It sits in the back of Dream's head—George's words. His idea of this perfect life, at some lake in Texas. Food, the sun, *sex*, a bike. Dream wants it, wants him, his tousled hair and the lines he gets on his cheek when he wakes up from a good nap. But George's ideas are just that. Ideas. Perfect concepts, sequences that he thinks of before bed, this and that and this and that, hopelessness that he pines for.

Seems unrealistic, Dream wants to tell him. But he says nothing other than, "*we could, you know.*"

### Notes

Hi hi! Welcome to another spill from my heart. Expect a lot of passion, haha. Please leave kudos and a comment if you do enjoy!! It always means a lot to me. Thank you!!!! Please excuse any errors as well, my baaaaad if i have left any in :(

**cw: underage drinking with Sapnap**

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The tips of George's shoulders burn a worrying red, and when they do, he complains.

He grows grumpy, juts his bottom lip out, groans and sulks and pouts until Sapnap presses his palm into the sunburn against his skin to shut him up.

Sapnap ends up in the lake only seconds later.

Dream had urged him to wear more sunscreen—encouraged him to double up on it, to coat his ears, the back of his neck, those tips of his shoulders. But George has always been stubborn, reassuring himself that he'd be fine underneath the shade somewhere along the boat.

"This is annoying." George sinks into the seat, presses a cold water bottle against his shoulders.

Sapnap snickers at him. "This is Texas, man. Shit's hot."

"Don't say another word to me," George says as he lazily holds his middle finger up.

The two of them glare at each other, and Dream watches from where he sits behind the wheel. The banter doesn't stop—it hasn't since they arrived five, six days ago, with nothing but smiles and positivity. He doesn't mind it, though.

As he cooks steak with the two of them in the kitchen, listening to music at a volume that would probably get them kicked out, he feels his heart rise to his chest. As he drinks, sits on the dock, feels the water roll past his toes, he feels his heart rise further to his chest. As they bicker and bicker again, he feels his heart rise further to the surface of his chest.

Because this is where Dream thinks of peace.

All of his hard work, his patience of waiting to meet both Sapnap and George, to get them both moved into his home in Florida. And then now. *Here*. The two of his friends and him in a place as simple as Texas, somewhere Sapnap had been dying to bring him to—to a lake where the three of them were renting a house.

"—fucking ridiculous, stupid heat."

Dream tunes back in when George swears again. His brows knit together as he bites into the cherry-lime popsicle Dream had brought with them on the boat.

He smirks, chuckles a little at George's frustration.

"Are you glad I brought that?" Dream asks him.

George angles back to Dream, licks at the red on his lips. He bites it, and when he does, Dream shivers.

"Am I—what?"

Dream rolls his eyes and leans back until his head peeks out past the shade, until he's looking up at the sky. He yawns as the sun touches his cheeks, caresses him as it edges him to a burn. He sticks his head back inside.

"You were so excited to get out here that you didn't want me wasting time packing it," Dream gestures to the sugar and ice that melts down George's fingertips. Dream tries not to think about teasing him about it—tries not to think about taking his hand and *licking it for him*. About giving in to every goddamn desire right there in the middle of the lake. "I brought it anyway. You're welcome, Georgie."

George turns his wrist, holds it above his head before he drags his tongue up the side of it.

A tendril of heat flames past Dream's core. He looks away.

"Get in the water, motherfuckers!"

They look to Sapnap, whose hair flattens against his forehead as he floats on his back with his lifejacket. Dream grins at him, satisfied with the way he giggles and gestures to the two of them still on the boat. Water seeps in his mouth, and he spits it out, mumbles about the taste.

"It'll ease your sunburn better than that bottle will," Dream tells George as he cocks his head to the lake.

George frowns at him. "This absolutely sucks."

Looking at him like this, with cheeks sort of rich from the sun, flushed and tender, makes Dream realize how much of George he had been missing before.

At home, just a couple states away in Florida, Dream gets to see him in the early hours of the mornings, when his hair is messy and when his lips are dry. He gets to see him right out of the shower, all neat and refreshed, with a new smile on his face.

The air around him back home is a lot thicker, but he's cooler tones, colder temperatures, baby blue t-shirts, light grey sweatshirts, maybe even cold coffee.

Dream listens to him on their friend's streams, hears the low, gravelly sounds of George's voice when he gets tired, when he's careful with what he says, adding into a few jokes here and there, responding to donations, being kind.

But here, underneath the sun, on the water like this, George is carefree. He cuts through the air much sharper, his skin gliding him through. He doesn't watch the railing in front of him and rather leaps at every jump, goes tumbling forward, lets his laughter charge from his chest as if his friends were the only two other people in the world and ready to catch him.

And Dream loves it.

To see him like this, with grumpiness sweating from him, a sunburn glowing against his cheeks and his shoulders, all makes Dream so curious as to what he'd pursue if he could live out here. With his biggest priority being: *stay away from too much time in the sun, George.*

Dream presses his water to his lips and watches George as he pulls himself from the stickiness of the chair. He moans as he stands, whines about the sweat against his back. When Dream laughs in his direction, George tells him to *fuck off*.

He tilts his head to watch George trail across the boat and step until he's standing on the edge. He straps his jacket on and turns to Dream with a heaving sigh.

George is often scared of the jump, had been the first couple of days they had gone out on the water, but he's so fluid in the way he walks to the edge now, no thought in his mind before his hands fly above his head, before he dives in Sapnap's direction.

George is beautiful like this.

Dream's cheeks turn rosy. The blush-warm sensation spreads to his legs.

And he sighs through his nose.

*He'll last.* George won't pull him under the water, won't swear against the curve of his neck with that carefree mouth of his. George won't burn him with his sunburn or let the sugar from his popsicle drip onto him.

But Dream is wrong. *He's so wrong*—because George will do all of those things, slowly, until Dream's strength goes weak, until he can no longer grip and hold on to his own heart anymore. At some point, maybe George will beg him to take his, too. And by then, *Dream will be fucked.*

—

Dream gets a glimpse of the George he is familiar with when he steps out of the shower.

George's hair ruffles in a way that makes him look much younger, strands falling between his eyes, some poking up at different angles.

He doesn't bother knocking when he enters Dream's room, he just pushes his way through the bedroom door, shuts it quietly like he's afraid of making too much noise.

*It's different like this.*

Usually Dream is on his computer, staring at the bright screen in front of him. And George will enter with a couple knocks, with a weak smile, with snacks. He'll join Dream in a chair next to him, watch him edit, talk with him for hours that lead into the middle of the night, both of them soft spoken, dressed in stretched out t-shirts and pants.

But here, Dream sits with his back against an unfamiliar headboard, his hands gripping around his phone, hair freshly washed and body smelling somewhat of lavender and unscented soap.

"Sapnap asleep?" Dream questions, voice quiet and weary.

George nods, sits on the edge of the bed and keeps his back to Dream.

He gives Dream only traces of an innocent smile as he hands him a comb. "Please?"

The forest-green comb in his hand shakes as George presses it between his fingers. He tilts it in Dream's direction, turns his head his way, gives him that hint of a tired smile, his cheeks still just as heated as they were an hour ago, when they were cooking dinner, and three hours ago, when they were on the water.

Dream does it all slowly. He complies, ghosts his hand over George's damp shirt, and turns him back around until his eyes look out the window. Dream wonders if he's looking at the moon over the water, if he's thinking about how the ripples would speak for themselves and tell George how different life out here really is. From behind, Dream cannot see his expression, but he hears him sigh.

Dream gently rakes the comb down the edges of George's hair. He holds his fingers at his nape to keep him still. George relaxes at this, lets the dance of someone's touch soothe him. And Dream doesn't mind. He knows what it's like to want to let someone else hold your weight up for a bit.

That's why sometimes Dream would walk into George's room in the late hours of the night and just ask him to read to him, just so Dream could listen, not have to think about picking up word after word. And George would. He'd open his blankets, the spaces between his fingers, and let Dream in, and in, and then further in until the both of them had fallen asleep.

Heavy silence hangs between the two of them.

When Dream gets through the knots in his hair, deals with the thick *drips* and *drops* of water that fall onto his thigh, he lets his eyes wander.

His steady gaze focuses between George's shoulder blades, and carefully, Dream dips his fingers at his shirt, presses down to see more of his skin.

"Dream," George scolds, hisses in pain.

Dream releases his grip. "Sorry."

More droplets fall from George's hair. Dream disregards them and furrows his brow, curiously trying to look through the material of George's shirt, as if what he's just seen will jump right out at him.

"I'm sunburnt," George reminds him. "Your pulling is making my shirt scrape it."

Dream hums, whispers an apology as he rubs his thumbs back into George's hair. He brings the edge of a blanket up to squeeze the ends, to dry them so they'll no longer drip everywhere.

Sounds of laughter melt out of George's mouth. Dream's eyes meet his when George's back twists, when his eyebrows raise like he's trying to find that shield of Dream's.

"What the hell are you so in deep about?" George keeps his voice low.

*Dream loves when he talks like this.*

"You've got freckles on your back," he tells him.

George's teeth show when he smiles. "I know."

"There's a heart," Dream mutters, concentrating on the dampened heat that floods his chest. "*You have freckles in the shape of a heart on your shoulder.*"

The previous look on George's face dissipates into a frown. The pink, delicate lines of his lips curve into an unfortunate frown. Dream hates when George frowns. *Stop*, he wants to tell him. But George folds his tongue over his lips, promises Dream a smile when he sighs.

"I didn't know that," George tells him. "I can't see it."

Dream tugs his shirt backward again until the collar is up against George's neck. George makes a strangled sound, playfully laughs, and then scolds Dream again for irritating his sunburn.

"Right here." Dream stares at it, pressing the pad of his finger against it.

He traces lightly, admires the detail of George's skin as he shifts from one freckle to the next. He counts out loud, whispers, "*one, two, three,*" until he reaches seven, until George's shoulders fully relax. Then Dream's smile crawls its way to his face, tears through his uneasiness, ignores his honest emotions, and just accepts.

The pad of his thumb pushes, and George's reddened skin moves to white, blurs back to red. George sucks in a breath and groans a little.

"Dream," George chuckles. "Be careful."

Dream shifts his eyes up, only catches the corner of George's eyebrows from where he sits. Still, he thinks from here, he can see the humor in George's eyes, the sensitivity, the annoyance.

"It's a *heart*, Georgie."

"Is it? Take a picture and show me."

Dream opens his camera, leans back to get the width of George's back in the frame. But Dream has to pull down, there's no other way to get it to show, *really—truly*, there isn't, and now Dream is staring at his palm over the spread of George's back, and his mouth is parting as he thinks of what he can say. But nothing comes out.

He takes the photo.

And when he shows George his phone, the latter softens his expression, ghosts his fingers over Dream's.

"You're not wrong," George whispers in a faraway voice. "It is a heart."

Dream has not given enough thought to the fact that George—who has spent this entire vacation drinking vodka sodas and eating dozens of popsicles, sleeping till noon and avoiding his phone at all costs, really has the most sincere shape against an intimate place on his back. Dream wants to roll his thumb over it again, draw the shape forward, backward, grab a pen and create a new one somewhere nearby.

His hand comes back into his lap, but George still holds the phone.

He zooms in.

"Cute."

Dream laughs into the space between them and misses the freckles the moment George turns his body until he is completely facing Dream. It's preferred. No more awkward angles and half dangling legs now that George has his legs crossed and now that he sits up on the bed.

Dream nods, leans his head back against the wood behind him.

"It is, yeah. That's pretty damn cute."

They laugh together this time, all soft sounds that pour more sugar than they've had all weekend. And Dream stares at him, at George's mouth, at the red that seeps from the top of his cheeks and crawls somewhere toward the back of his neck.

George looks at Dream's bare knee, fingers reaching forward as he whispers out a sigh. Dream wants in George's head, to know what he's thinking when his lip twitches and when his eyes crinkle as he smiles.

"Dream," George urges, tone low and familiar.

He's close and touchy, much like Dream is used to. But *here* is different. God. Dream can't stop thinking about how different things are here. He wonders if the touch against his knee will spread

elsewhere—if Texas is his excuse to dip into parts of George he doesn't know back home.

George is initiating. George is against his knee, grinning, warming him from the inside out. George has come to his room when Sapnap has gone to sleep, the remnants of cherry-lime still in their mouths—*does George still taste it when he licks his lips?*

George is talking to him, *choosing to*.

“Hm?” Dream asks.

“Do you ever think about life out here?” George looks from Dream's phone to his eyes, then out to the water. He tosses the phone onto the bed. “Like, what it'd be like if we weren't who we are. Instead, we'd just—I don't know, make pancakes every morning, worry about things like keeping the grass mowed, tending to the boat, going into town to get groceries.”

Dream's smile increases the longer George lists things, he even scoffs when George adds on, “meet people, fall in love, have sex, get a bicycle.”

His eyes run over George's face gently, over every part of his lazy smile. George digs his nails into Dream's knee involuntarily, shaking his head from side to side in thought.

Dream pokes his tongue, runs it over his lip. “I can't believe you put *have sex* and *get a bike* in the same sentence.”

“Well,” George groans. “I don't know!”

“Course, George. Sure! Ride a bike, get a girlfriend. Fuck her.”

George shoves him.

“You're so irritating.”

It sits in the back of Dream's head—George's words. His idea of this perfect life, at some lake in Texas. Food, the sun, *sex*, a bike. Dream wants it, wants him, his tousled hair and the lines he gets on his cheek when he wakes up from a good nap. But George's ideas are just that. *Ideas*. Perfect concepts, sequences that he thinks of before bed, this and that and this and that, hopelessness that he pines for.

Seems unrealistic, Dream wants to tell him. But he says nothing other than, “*we could, you know.*”

George's face doesn't twist, but it turns into this confusion that Dream has never seen on him before. And suddenly, Dream regrets every single word he has ever let come from his mouth.

“Could what?” George says in a breath, keeps his lips parted thereafter.

“Do all of that stuff,” Dream says. Underneath his skin is crackling with fire. “I know you'd hate it, if you gave your dream up, dude, just to have a couple good days on the lake, but—”

“No.” George cuts him off. He isn't painted with anger, but somewhere inside of him is something—like he's trying to get Dream to understand him. “That's not what I mean. Or what I want. I just.”

George doesn't finish.

And Dream doesn't blame him. He offers a grin while George shrugs, while he whispers an, “I don't know.”

"I get it," Dream tells him. "It's peaceful. Quiet. You wanna have really, loud sex out here, George. I get it, man."

This time, George's face does twist up, and Dream admires it. The annoyed smile, the passion that follows his expression, the way his shoulders relax. Maybe George thinks Dream won't get what he means, and hell, maybe *Dream won't get it*, but at least Dream is there to lighten the mood, to bring him back to the surface.

"You are literally the worst. I mean that."

"I know," Dream sighs into his hands as he drags them over his face, rubs his thumbs over his cheeks.

George's silence is the answer. The way he doesn't play along, or fall back onto the bed, or laugh or sigh or irritate Dream anymore—it means something. The way he stares, still traces lightly onto Dream's knee.

"Talk to me," Dream whispers, waiting for George to meet his eyes.

George sighs. "I don't—I don't know. D'you, Or, I don't know."

The summer is meant to feel warm, but underneath the blankets, Dream feels hot. George's cheeks are incredibly red, and Dream feels too lonely, somehow still cold with George above the sheets.

"George," he chuckles, eases him by placing a hand over his. "*C'mere*. Get underneath here. Stay the night in my room, get comfortable, come on."

It's getting late, and Dream knows that somewhere beneath the strain of George's muscles, there must be a weakening part of him, begging to be freed. And George doesn't wait but a few seconds before he is climbing toward Dream, dipping leg by leg until Dream can no longer see the warmth of his skin, but surely can feel it now.

They sit there, their backs pressing to the headboard like they're waiting for the other to say something. Dream presses his thigh to George's, letting him know he is there.

In front of them, the curtains are pulled back, and past the muted glow of the patio light is the lake, the dark shades of water. Dream knows the ground is coated with leaves that haven't been swept away, blown off by the wind, too hidden and drifted away into a corner. But it's beautiful like this, directly underneath the window of this bedroom.

And he stares, extends his leg further to press to George like he wants him to drink in the feeling, too.

"Can I ask you something?" George is faint with his words.

Dream nods his head. George catches on.

"Falling in love with someone," George starts, whispers and then brings his voice stronger. "Do you think it's worth it?"

He folds his hands atop of one another, licks the bottom part of his lip again, and then again. Dream almost questions him right away, almost asks him in what way he means. And he still can. *In terms of what, George?* Dream can answer. *For some people, sure.* But he knows the directions in which George is stepping.

George is asking *him*.

Dream tilts his head, runs his eyes along a path from the bridge of George's nose, to his chin.

He thinks of George on the water, laughing, swearing, a little tipsy and letting himself go from the inside out, hands and feet and heart all turned toward the sun as if he had been ready to jump at it. He thinks of George, at home, quiet and hardworking, fingers dipping into the fur of their cat, humming to himself as he and Dream and Sapnap laugh into the early hours of the morning. And Dream thinks of George here, under these covers, with *love* written on him already.

*"Absolutely."*

George slants back and leans on his wrist, drags a smile onto his distressed face.

"You think so?"

"Yeah," Dream whispers. "Do you not?"

"I do, yeah. I just. You were making stupid jokes about sex and it made me think a little about falling in love, and enjoying it somewhere as peaceful as here."

Dream regards him. Hums at his response.

"It *is* beautiful here," Dream says quickly for purposes of getting George to know how much a place like this could mean to him.

George inhales deep, drags his fingers from the top of his knee over the comforter. It's got a stain on it, probably dirt from when Dream had fallen over it after tracking his feet through the muddy stone steps earlier. George stays distracted by it, traces around it to press into the skin of his knee.

"You'd want to fall in love here?" George asks.

"Yeah."

"Would you," George swallows, and *Dream hears it before he even says it*. "Would you ever fall in love with someone like me?"

*"Yes."*

Dream is always, always honest with him. He never strays far from their line of truth, and when George looks to him, the air changes around them. Relief breaks through the first layer of George, and he leans forward to get a better look at Dream's face.

"Oh," he says.

Dream doesn't reach for him, but rests the crown of his head against the headboard. His eyes come to a close and he lets lake water, moonlight, and sounds of waves all fill him.

He lets laughter sigh from his mouth, soft, eager and fast as he spits it out, the sound of it similar to his quickened pulse.

George hides his smile, lifts the right side of his mouth up in hopes Dream won't see it. But *all of him* smiles. Not just one side, one part—it's his entire body that goes tumbling into a grin.

"Sounds like something I'd do, yeah," Dream adds on.

George gives him a deep laugh. “Does it?”

Dream just nods, and George presses their thighs closer together. Like this, with their skin touching, their hands move toward one another, and Dream feels so *stupidly* in love. What he’s got in his chest, in the deepest part of his head, is something boiling so strong, and he wants it to pour out.

He doesn’t startle much when George first grazes a finger against his forearm, but Dream hardly expects it, so the breath he lets out is more than noticeable.

And somehow, when their bodies wind together, when George’s nose presses to Dream’s shoulder, it feels too *real*. Regardless of how much of a paradise their vacation in Texas may imply, this bed and these sheets and *this touch* feel more real than Dream has ever known.

“I’ve always had this thought,” George sighs against Dream’s shoulder. “Which is why I brought up falling in love. But, with me—sex has always been quick, no emotion. It’s just loud and not very purposeful.” Dream listens to him, hears a smile rise in his voice. “*Fun*, but—I don’t know. I’ve always wanted to know what it would be like to have someone care about me, want me, *love me* during something like that. Not just for the five minutes in a bar bathroom.”

Dream pays attention to every word he says, looks forward and hopes that George will drag his fingers up Dream’s arm until their fingers intertwine.

“Fuck, George,” Dream says playfully. “You’ve had bar sex?”

George turns to glare at him, bites on the edge of his lip. “Not my greatest time, but yes.”

There’s a moment, silence and a cool shift in the air. Dream cannot think of where to lead them, because where they are is *too good*, still teetering on humor, touching like lovers, bickering like friends. And he doesn’t want to ruin it. Not if George doesn’t.

“I don’t really know where I was trying to go with that,” George says.

“You’re just talking to me,” Dream tells him, watching for any movement in George’s hands.

“Well,” George says. “Tell me something, then. Talk to me, too.”

Dream pulls his bottom lip in between his teeth, shifts in his positioning until he can slip further down in bed. This calls for more neck pain by morning, but right now Dream doesn’t care because his fingers have slipped between George’s, over the top of his, and now he can draw them closer, and can feel how rough his hands are.

“I, uh, I get what you mean.” Dream pushes his thumb in the center of George’s palm. “Not about the bar sex. Never been there, but—about wanting something more meaningful. Something deep in \_\_\_”

“*Deep?*” George gives him a look, adds a smirk, like it’s the cherry on top.

Dream cocks his head to the side. “Is this what I’m like?”

“Quite literally.”

“Remind me to shut up more often.”

“Gladly.”

Dream laughs through his nose. “Like I was trying to say. *Deep in love*, or whatever. I’ve had sex that meant something to me. Stayed the night with people, till morning, had one-night stands that turned to two. I think it’s different for everyone, but I don’t know, George. I think you deserve to be out here if you want. To wake up late, feel relaxed on your own time, get a little sunburnt, fall in love between all the good.”

George tightens his grip on Dream’s hand. His cheek lies smoothly across Dream’s shoulder, and sooner than later Dream is going to wonder if he should look at him.

“You think so?” George whispers.

Dream sighs, twists his chin until it rests on top of George’s head. The bridge of his nose presses to his hair, the newly brushed and still-wet top of his hair, and Dream takes one breath in before he kisses George’s head.

“Definitely,” Dream answers.

Dream can hear the way George swallows, can feel the way his fingertips tremble against his own. But George has never been one to cave into fear. Neither of them have, at least not in front of each other. Honesty was too close, and they always knew of it, kept it near.

George’s voice sounds sweeter as he speaks. And his eyes appear sort of like home. Dream admires them when George tilts his face to the side. He looks at Dream, his gaze strong as he searches every inch of his face. And as he does, Dream feels frozen, scared of what he might do.

George’s lips part. “You’re in love with me.”

Something bubbles underneath Dream’s chest. A warm, exhilarating rush.

He doesn’t hold back, not with this look on his face, not when love and sex and contentment are all laced in their conversation, not when they’re touching like *this*.

“*Completely.*”

George seems to let go of some sort of tension in his chest, because his grip on Dream’s hand lets up, and he murmurs out the quietest whimper.

George flushes and shuts his mouth. And Dream laughs.

“Just like that?” George swallows.

God.

*Fuck*, he looks good. Red down his cheeks, lines of Dream’s shirt already making it look like he’s fallen asleep on his shoulder.

Their hands move onto Dream’s lap and rest quietly there.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know.” George blinks slowly, smiles softly, like the wires in his chest are crossing into something he’s been waiting for. “It’s so informal. I don’t know what I expected though.”

Dream follows his smile. He looks over his features for a lack of comfort, but George just grins, lets his eyes come to a close. He bites on his lip.

“Did you want something else?”

“No.” George opens his eyes and runs his thumb over Dream’s knuckles. “God. I didn’t even think. About. You know. But it’s perfect. This, it’s all perfect.”

Dream *doesn’t think*—none of it. It doesn’t feel real. Thinking that George is next to him like this, the spread of the lake as their blanket, far away, yet up at their throats like it wants them to confess and confess and confess. But the way George touches him, speaks at the shell of his ear—it’s so real, and it makes Dream feel so dangerously in love.

He brings his hand to George’s cheek, and almost immediately, George cradles the touch, dips his nose on the inside of Dream’s palm, lets his lips find Dream’s thumb.

*It doesn’t need to be said*, Dream thinks. Not with George, not from George, not even *to him*. Dream knows he feels it. The newly beating hearts that thump together, the press of chest to chest, the way they go boneless together. It’s been silent for over ten minutes as Dream runs his thumb over George’s lips, over his cheek, and as George cradles that hand of his. He keeps his eyes shut, and Dream keeps track of the way George’s breaths get heavier and heavier by the minute.

But Dream doesn’t stop looking.

He breaks the silence when George’s neck rolls backward and when he jerks forward to keep himself awake. His eyes flutter open and Dream slips a hand to his nape.

“Sleep, George,” Dream whispers to him.

“No.”

Dream laughs. All the lights are still on in the room, and Dream curses at the fact that he hadn’t turned them off beforehand.

“Why?” He asks.

George gives him a look, and Dream squeezes his fingers at the back of his neck until George’s eyes flutter to a close.

Dream exhales, “my feelings will not change by morning, baby.”

The faintest noise gets caught behind George’s teeth. *Oh, how Dream wants to hear and hear him again.*

“You make me want to stay up with you, but the sun has just worn me out today,” George frowns.

Dream presses his lips to George’s forehead. “And that makes sense.”

George doesn’t say much else. He just fingers with the front material of Dream’s shirt, holds it like it is his. And Dream lets his arms linger around George’s body as he draws him in against him. George tilts up, leaves a kiss at the corner of Dream’s jaw.

For hours, Dream listens to the sound of George’s breathing along the curve of his neck, all while the moon paints the ripples of the water.

Dream realizes that somewhere deep, *deep* inside of him is the absolute need to kiss the living *fuck* out of George.

With his sunburn, George has been taking the morning easy, spending it inside, cooking breakfast for everyone in *just* his pajama pants. Every time he pulls the pan to flip the pancakes, the muscles in his back contract, and Dream, sitting at the bar, cannot help but stare at him.

He sees his freckles from this angle, too. His *heart*. And Dream's belly coils low, fills with a fragile sort of warmth as he stares at it.

To his right, Sapnap drinks a Smirnoff, peach flavored, as he bites into his food. He moans annoyingly, but Dream cannot focus on him.

When George sits, they don't talk much, the three of them still loopy on sleep, tired and half exhausted from yesterday's sunshine.

But when Sapnap stands and announces to the two of them he's going to head outside for a while, Dream feels his entire face go red.

"Just so you know," Sapnap holds up a water, smiles sincerely. "*Just* so you're aware that I will be outside."

George finally turns from where he is putting up the orange juice. He looks at Dream.

"Okay."

"Have fun," Dream says. "Wear sunscreen."

Sapnap gives him a thumbs up as he slips his shoes on.

"I'll text you when I'm coming back inside," he says. "You know. In case you guys wanna."

He gestures around with his hands.

George's eyes go wide.

"Sapnap!"

Sapnap snickers and shuts the door behind him. Dream watches him walk out to the dock from the window, shoulders still lifting and dropping from his laughter.

When Dream looks at George, he sees how soft his edges are, all accompanied by a morning glow, and now with the kindness of laughter. George walks toward him with damp hands and touches the sides of Dream's waist, presses his cheek against his shoulder like he had last night.

Dream's hand dips around his back, slides carefully over his hot skin, his *bare back*, and rests on his hip.

"What do we do now?" Dream jokes. "I guess we need to talk to him?"

George's nose must be cold, because when he turns, he rubs it back and forth against Dream's sweater that he's put on. When he lays a kiss against his shoulder, Dream's cheeks warm.

"We weren't exactly subtle this morning."

Dream turns to him. “What happened?”

George cocks an eyebrow up.

“Dream, you've been staring at me like you want to fuck me.”

Dream blinks. “I do.”

George's breath jumps, and for a moment, Dream fears that everything they have worked through—from the late hours of the night, through the pancakes and all the way to their feet standing in front of the windows, has gone to shit. *He's jumped too far.*

But George turns Dream's face, stands on his toes and brushes his thumb underneath Dream's eye.

“You're making me a little nervous.” Dream guides his hands to George's waist, where he swipes his hands up and down. George goes lax at the touch.

“I am?”

“Yeah,” Dream whispers when George's thumb edges toward his mouth. “But. You—you said you wanted to fall in love, ride bikes, have sex here. And we, uh, we don't have any bicycles. So?”

George laughs as he blinks, his eyes so still on Dream's face. He nods, pulls Dream's lip down before it snaps up. Dream kisses the pad of his thumb.

“Are you sure?”

George nods his head. “I have never been more sure of anything in my life, Dream.”

He hardly breathes when George kisses him.

His nails dig into George's side as their lips part, as their mouths meet again and again, as they soak up the passion they drip from each other. George kisses with so much power, with desperation and hope. And Dream gives as much as he can, his hands settling on George's cheeks in the faintest touch.

*It's a promise*, he realizes, when the pads of his fingers touch George's face.

He can feel it in his joints, the burning, the way George is whispering sounds of recklessness as he steps up on his toes and tries to get closer.

He wants in. Further and further in.

“Come on.” Dream pulls away from his mouth, grabs his hand, and tugs him toward the bedroom.

George follows him in short fits of laughter, other sounds of frustration as his fists hit Dream's back from the lack of contact.

“Oh, my—” Dream stops a moment to shove George against the wall, to press his mouth against his. “No patience, I swear.”

George's hands disappear into Dream's hair.

It's much, much heavier this time.

George's hips touch his, and when Dream's belly flattens to George's, the both of them sigh. It's

hot, *it's so fucking hot* the way George's hands are all messy between their bodies, the way he fiddles with Dream's shirt, the way he lifts it until the skin of Dream's stomach shows. Dream hardly registers what he's doing until George's arm pulls him forward again, until the cold skin of Dream's abdomen touches George's warm one. And Dream swears out loud.

George laughs into his mouth, whispers something Dream cannot understand.

"Lube?" George says more clearly as he pulls away, rubbing Dream's jaw like he's making up for not kissing him. "Have you got it in your room?"

Dream nods quickly. And when George smirks at him, he drags him back into a kiss, moving from his mouth, to jaw, to neck.

"Fuck you, don't pretend you didn't bring any either."

George pulls at his hair. "I did. I just didn't want to walk up there."

He gets George back into his room and on the bed, gets him out of his clothes and comfortable, and Dream thinks nothing other than that this is how George deserves to feel—the warmth flowing through his blood as his spine presses to the mattress, as Dream's lips ease against his neck. *Loved*. George deserves to feel loved.

Dream begs him to turn over, and he kisses against his shoulder, where the freckles are, where the tiny tattoo of his lies. His tongue presses flat to it, and George mewls underneath him.

He doesn't think too roughly about how things should go, and instead holds George's hands, eases him into another deep kiss, touches him kindly.

"I'm gonna do this as you deserve to have this done," he tells George. "I'm going to fuck you with meaning, George. Because I love you."

George's head presses back into the pillows and Dream watches.

"I might come before you even touch me if you keep speaking this way."

"And if you do?" Dream runs the flat of his palm over George's stomach.

It's a simple motion, but George shivers underneath it, breathes heavier and heavier, up and down as Dream pauses over his hips, and at his waistband.

"Then you'll make me come again."

Dream hovers over George to kiss him hard, all mouth and tongue. He sounds ridiculous as he whimpers into George's mouth, but Dream doesn't care. He's been waiting for this.

There's something that stirs up inside of Dream as he places a pillow underneath George's back, as he kisses him softly, as he asks him again if he is sure about this, about them, this bed. But George is there to ease the worry that eats at him, and even the simplest of strokes against Dream's cheek can settle his thumping heart.

"I wanna talk to you," Dream tells him honestly. "I want you to talk to me too, yeah?"

Dream covers his right few fingers in lube.

A wild look soars behind George's eyes. "Okay. Go on, then."

He places his left palm over George's chest, rubs his thumb back and forth, all while his right hand works George open, presses in and in and in.

"Look at me, George." Dream starts, presses his lubed finger in deep.

George's eyes gloss over. He blinks and looks directly at Dream.

"You're a bit slow."

"I have to work you open, idiot."

George's toes curl and his thighs shake when Dream opens his legs and adds another finger, curls up, working a steady motion for him.

"Okay, shit," George hums. "That's—yeah, that's good."

A new sensation rides low in Dream's body when George clutches his hand and when he knots their hands together. Dream guides their intertwined fingers to George's hips as he uses his other hand and moves his fingers farther and deeper.

George's pants are at his thighs still, and the entire thing makes the two of them laugh.

"Here, baby," Dream unlatches their hands so he can get them completely off.

But George only croaks at the lack of movement, the lack of touch. Dream can see how hard he is, how his cock practically drools onto his stomach. And if Dream weren't almost positive that George was already close to coming, he would touch him.

Dream twitches in his own pants when a pearl of cum spreads further onto George's stomach. George sees it, lifts his neck up, and then drops his head back with rosy cheeks. He covers his face.

"Fucking hell," he laughs.

Dream nearly laughs with him, but there's one touch, one spread of his fingers inside of George that has him letting out a throaty groan and biting on the edge of the blanket he finds.

*Pretty*, Dream thinks. "Pretty."

He leans forward, kisses George as he drives his fingers in again.

"Oh my god," George can hardly commit to kissing him, only sticking to an open mouth breath, tongue pressing forward and mouth closing just slightly. "No way I'm going to last."

Dream hums teasingly, grinds against George's thigh, and hisses from the sensation. He kisses his cheek, bites near his jaw.

"You can come," Dream's teeth bump his when he smiles.

George cries out. "Don't say that! I will!"

They both laugh, and George's fingers tire in Dream's hair. It's gentle, the way George pets the back of his head all easy as their eyes squint in a pleasurable laughter.

Dream kisses the corner of his mouth as he looks down at George's needy cock. He brings their intertwined hands to it, uses both of their set of fingers against it at the same time and whispers a,

“*holy shit*,” the moment he strokes up.

George doesn’t let go.

Dream continues to curl his fingers up inside of George at a faster pace. And George—he shivers and grits his teeth and breathes so heavily that Dream has to kiss his mouth until he laughs with him again.

“You can.” Dream finds his eyes and slows his pace a bit when George visibly shakes. “We can take this all slow. Right now, you can just come like this. Focus on that. Yeah?”

“Stop talking.” George squeezes his eyes shut.

Dream chuckles when George pulls him down into a kiss.

“Yeah,” George adds. “Yes. Okay. Please.”

“Yeah?” He pushes in again, softly, drawing another inaudible sound out of George. “Thought we agreed on talking to each other, sweetheart?”

George looks at him, and suddenly it hits Dream so hard that this *love thing* has so many odd shapes. So many twists and turns and curves and dots. And everywhere, all over it, is George. With his comments and his sweet talk and his *mouth*. Dream loves every part of it.

When George chuckles, when sweat drips off of his temples, and when he smiles, he shakes his head and finds Dream’s eyes.

“I love it when you *say things*,” George whispers.

Dream thumbs over the cum already spilling from the head of his cock. He uses both his and George’s intertwined hands to bring him closer. And god, Dream knows he’s close when George’s back arches, when he pulls him closer and shakes his head.

“I’ve never felt like this,” George struggles to say. “Fuck—I’m going to come and you’re here and you love me, and my sunburn hurts, and—*holy shit*.”

When George comes, he comes hard, yanking Dream’s arm forward so he can cover his nose and mouth with it as he groans softly into it.

Dream watches with eyes of wonder—astonishment. The way George trembles and swears and chuckles with embarrassed cheeks. The way his hands stutter and then settle over his belly before resorting to where Dream is, as if needing to *touch and hold*. Dream, after he presses a kiss into George’s forehead, whispers a solid, “beautiful,” against the warm and sweaty skin there.

George lies against the bed, fucked-out and tired, breathing and grinning like he has seen nothing but the scorching sun in the past twenty-four hours.

“You didn’t even get off,” George groans annoyingly when he regathers his breath and when Dream returns from the bathroom with a warm washcloth.

George gripes about the wetness of it, but Dream helps him change, gets him into something warm, something that won’t irritate his sunburn any further than the two of them already have.

Dream’s hands are cold from the sink, and he presses them to George’s cheeks. Regardless of how he intends to irritate him, George soothes from it. And Dream kisses him.

“I’m fine.”

“You’re hard,” George eyes him.

Dream slips into bed with him. “Don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He gets close, sticks his nose up in the crevasse by George’s jaw and sucks gently. He kisses once, twice, three times until George’s smile becomes placid and simple, until he sinks further into the bed and turns onto his side to look at Dream.

“Hey.” Dream licks his lip, feeling a sting from where George had bitten it earlier.

George is quiet, but his eyes look over Dream like he’s never seen him before. The pink tint of his lips has turned to red, and by now, the spit-slickness of them has dried. But his smile is fading, and Dream craves to disappear into his head, to sink and drive through his bridges, to wonder what he is thinking.

Underneath the blankets, George finds Dream’s hand.

It brings a smile to Dream’s face, and soon after, George follows.

“This is good,” George whispers.

“What is?”

“Us. Texas, this trip. I think it would be cool to live out on the water, no worrying, no fear. But it’s not home. Home’s with you. With Sapnap. We could go anywhere and enjoy ourselves. The three of us.”

Dream kisses him.

The way their lips meet now is so slow, and Dream kisses George for a length of time that ends up with his hand low on George’s hip again, his palm all damp from where he had previously been sweating.

*“This is so good,”* Dream whispers to him, repeating his words from earlier. “But let’s—”

George nods, understanding. “Sapnap.”

Dream chuckles against the shell of his ear, rubs a hand firmly over George’s side until he rolls onto his back.

The curtains are drawn shut and only a strip of sunlight wanders into Dream’s room. But as George carries himself out of bed, as he looks toward the lake, his shoulders relax. Peace eases into his bones, and although he is clothed, Dream can still remember the way the heart had glowed against his shoulder.

“God, I want to go out there again,” George turns back to him. “The water.”

Dream smiles and nods. He stops behind George, rests a hand on his shoulder, breathes in and sighs and swallows as he gets a glimpse of Sapnap staring at his phone. Dream swears under his breath. He cups the side of George’s face and lays a kiss along the apple of his cheek.

“He’s waiting, probably,” Dream grabs his phone to find seven texts from Sapnap. A laugh rumbles from his chest.

George slides open the curtains aggressively and knocks hard against the glass. Sapnap turns and holds his hand over his eyes to see through the sunlight. He visibly laughs.

Dream doesn't think before he sends him a text for approval, **alright alright, you can come.**

Sapnap texts Dream back, **im sure u guys did,** before dipping back into the water to rinse off.

He doesn't get the chance to get back out, because Dream and George are *there*, at the water's edge, shoving him back in and jumping in right after him.

## End Notes

Thank you for reading!!!! I just made a twitter, so if you'd like to follow and see the things i will be writing, working on, etc etc, feel free to follow me on [there](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!